

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

President, W. Chester S. McLure; Vice-President, J. R. Burnett; Secretary, Lieut. Col. D. A. MacKinnon, D. S. O. Editor and Manager, J. R. Burnett; Associate Editor, D. K. Currie. New York Representative—Frank R. Northrup Chicago Representative—E. J. Fowler

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1924

AFTER THREE YEARS

After three years of silent watching and study in the House of Commons, Mr. D. A. MacKinnon, M. P., for Queens County, has made a wonderful discovery, two discoveries in fact. One is that there is something wrong with the National Debt; the other, that there is no hope for the Maritime Provinces, "the depopulation of the Maritime Provinces is inevitable."

Before Mr. MacKinnon made his discoveries public, he assured the House that the Liberal budget was quite all right and that he would support it. All this we gather from the Canadian Press summary of the budget debate which appeared in yesterday's Guardian.

"Mr. MacKinnon thought a commission of economists might be appointed to investigate ways and means to meet the public debt." Mr. MacKinnon is a thinker and after three years of evidently hard thinking and watching the government struggling with the finances, he has made up his mind that they haven't yet solved the problem. He does not believe they have reduced the National Debt as Mr. Robb claimed they had, so he thinks a commission of economists might do something, might be able to borrow money at a lower rate of interest or something! It was a wonderful discovery, wonderful too, that it didn't shake his faith in the budget while he knew it was a tissue of misrepresentations and that nothing but a commission of economists could straighten it out. Possibly his recollection of the reduction of the public debt of his native province by the late Liberal Government may have had something to do with his discovery.

Mr. MacKinnon has no word of hope for his native province. "Depopulation of the Maritime provinces is inevitable," doomed, pre-destinated, gone to the dogs! Yet, with that unalterable tenacity that has bound other Liberals and Progressives to their \$4,000 seats, with that unconquerable aversion to meeting the electors, Mr. MacKinnon stands by the budget that is depopulating the Maritime provinces and the rest of Canada. Should the budget go by the board Mr. MacKinnon and his fellow Liberals and fellow Progressives would go too and they would never get back! Therefore there is nothing for it but to stand by the budget!

What is there in the budget that is going to stop the "inevitable depopulation" of the maritime provinces? Not a line, not a word, not a syllable. Everything in it points to the destruction of the National Policy which gave the maritime provinces and the rest of Canada the industries which built up our home markets, the only markets we have, the markets without which our farmers cannot live. But the Progressives, who are not farmers but wheat growers, do not want a home market, they want cheap food, cheap farming implements and the Liberals want the Progressives, therefore we are to have a Progressive budget. What shall it profit a farmer if he saves two or three dollars in ten years on the cost of a mower or binder, if he loses his yearly market? Where will he sell his produce if Canadian industries are wiped out? This is the question Mr. MacKinnon should tackle next.

BEAUTIFYING THE CITY

Many citizens are now busily engaged in beautifying their lawns and street sides. It is a good move and there is need of it in many places. The habit of driving teams up on the street sides has fortunately been stopped and this will greatly assist those who are trying to have attractive lawns. We hope to see ere long flowers and shabby on our street sides as may be seen in many less attractive cities than Charlottetown.

NOTES BY THE WAY

It is true today as it always was that few are the ills to which mankind are subject that governments can cure. It is equally true that the hope of Canada rests upon its workers, the men who plant and reap the harvests of the land and who gather the harvest of the sea, who dig in the mines, or toil in the forests, or who expend their labor and skill in the busy factories and all the varied enterprises of trade and transportation. Upon the activities of this multitude of workers the future wealth and prosperity of the nation depend. Not that governments and parliaments are not necessary for indeed they are, although they are very fallible at best and much that they say and do might better be left unsaid and not done.

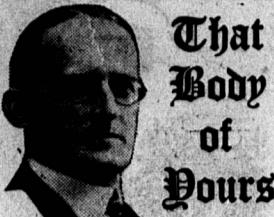
Fallible and costly, as we know, are our governments and parliaments, and unlike the great host of tollers, they are much given to empty talk, to wordy disputations and downright idleness. If one were to fancy a farm, or a factory, or a place of business conducted as is our parliament at Ottawa neither the owners of the farm, the factory or the business place would have a roof to cover them at the year's end. The session is the busy season for our government and parliament at Ottawa. It is to them what the planting and the harvest seasons are to the farmers. And the supposedly wise men whom we send to the nation's councils have been already more than two months at their task. Yet what have they done in that time for the country's good?

A prodigal host of hard-ripped taxpayers have housed these men in a twelve million dollar palace and pays them from four thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars each for the time they spend in it. Millions of workers, busy at their daily toil throughout the year pay the cost. These millions of workers are not housed like that and they are not paid like that! And to their credit be it said, they do not idle away their time in any such fashion. If they did so what would become of this fair Dominion of ours? What would be its prospects for the future if our farmers and factory workers were to spend their busy seasons of planting, harvesting and producing in idleness and wordy disputation? Obviously the home-stead and factories would decay and be deserted and the fields grow up into a forest wilderness again as it was when the first settlers came.

That is why we say, All honor to the toilers whose well-directed skill, industry and thrift have made this country what it is, and who are its hope for the future. And every honest worker scorns the pampered idler, of whom there are a host daily fed at the public crib, yet would be lords of the land. It is worse still when the idlers become wasters and destroyers as we have them today at Ottawa. There is no spot in all the broad area of Canada where there is a tithe of the waste that is going on at the summit of Parliament Hill, under the eyes and hands of the men that the toilers sent thither to guard and protect their interests.

When Parliament met two months ago there was a loud outcry throughout the Dominion over the waste at Ottawa, the crowd of paid loafers, the fifty million dollar civil service, the overbuilt railway mileage, and the alarming exodus to the States of Canadian workers. What has been done to check others waste at Ottawa in the past two months? Nothing worthy of the name. By its offer to 15 per cent increase of salary to a large section of the service and the promise of superannuation allowances, the cost of the civil service will be increased and not diminished. Building a thousand miles of new railways that cannot earn their operating expenses, as the Government proposes to do, is adding new waste to the old. No attempt is being made to stay the exodus, which on the contrary the Robb tariff must increase.

We challenge the defenders of the new tariff to show that there is in all its provisions one that will give a single day's work to one of our Canadian workers. Even its most blatant advocates do not claim that it will do so. But it has



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

A LAZY BOXER

The manager of a string of boxers brought one of his feather-weight boxers to be looked over by his physician. "There's something wrong with this boy, and I want you to find it for me. He is willing to train daily, and does so, but has lost his speed and punch. He has plenty of 'hari' because in his last fight he was knocked out, fell forward, yet got up again before the count of ten, and finished the fight. And when fighters fall forward, they generally stay down for awhile. Besides he lives with me all the time and I know his every movement. He has no bad habits—no boy could live cleaner."

"I'm trying to put weight on him, and yet he enters all his boxing matches three or five pounds lighter than is necessary, I can't build him up."

The physician of examination found the boy well developed, with a sound heart and a normal blood pressure. His teeth were unusually good. His tonsils were of the size and innocent looking, but a closer inspection of right one showed a cleft which on being lifted revealed a mass of white cheesy matter and a broken down condition of the tonsil itself.

The other tonsil has an opening more than a quarter of an inch across that poured out harmful material when squeezed. "This then was the cause of his 'laziness,' his disinclination to arouse himself, that made training almost a nightmare, that made rival managers say that he was 'stale' from overtraining."

Had he been the average fellow with tonsils exuding all that poisonous matter he would have been down on his back, or perhaps getting around on crutches with some stiffened joints. His training by running on the road, his boxing with his bathing with the rub down following it, and also the plain nourishing food all helped to keep him on his feet despite the condition of his throat.

So while he apparently was fighting a winning fight with the protective forces of his body against his bad tonsils, nevertheless the latter were doing sufficient damage to take the "pep" out of his work.

The physician advised the manager to see a throat specialist. The removal of the tonsils made all the difference in the world in his ability to go the "whole distance" in his next boxing engagement.

You see being strong sometimes has its disadvantages in that as long as one is on his feet, he thinks there can't be much the matter with him.

Soon beyond the harbor bar shall my bark be sailing far, O'er the world I wander lone, O'er thy grave I weep good-bye; Oh! without thee, what am I, sweet Belle Mahone?

Chorus: Sweet Belle Mahone! sweet Belle Mahone! Wait for me at heaven's gate, sweet Belle Mahone!

Lonely like a withered tree, what is all the world to me? Life and light were all mine, sweet Belle Mahone! Daisies pale are growing o'er all my heart can e'er adore, Shall I never meet thee more, sweet Belle Mahone? (Chorus:)

Calmly, sweetly slumber on, only one I call my own, Whilset in tears I wander lone, sweet Belle Mahone! Faded now seems everything, but when comes eternal spring With thee I'll be wandering, sweet Belle Mahone!

Sweet Belle Mahone, etc. been clearly shown that it will take away the employment of many Canadian workers and leave them and their families without the means of support. This is, in part, what our very costly government and parliament have done at Ottawa during the two months past. It causes apprehension as to what further ills may be inflicted on the country before the session is brought to a close.

NOVELTY CUFFS Novelty cuffs are seen on many of the street gloves for spring. They are usually developed in two tones, gray and tan, black and white or brown and tan.

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion expressed by its correspondents.

CHURCH UNION

Sir—The Unionists are elated over the fact that the six provinces of P. E. I., Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have passed the Union Church Bill, and that therefore the Dominion Parliament should do the same. Let the Unionists also remember that these six provinces are represented in the Dominion Parliament by 74 members, and Ontario, which has gone Anti-Unionist, is represented by 82 members. Which should have most weight in the Dominion House? 74 or 82 members? The Unionists will likely say that the 82 are not unanimous neither are the 74.

ANTI-UNIONIST

CHURCH UNION

Sir—In a recent issue of your valuable paper you inserted a letter from one who signed himself "Interested" which included my name; also an article from the "Toronto Saturday Night" in answer to same, will you please insert the following from "The Christian Guardian."

Thanking you, I am, Sir, etc., ROBERT M. BRODIE.

AN APPLICATION THAT DOESN'T APPLY

We cannot think that the editor of Saturday Night, of this city, is a great success as an expositor of the Old Testament Scriptures. On the basis of his recent effort to elucidate and apply that old, familiar story of Naboth and his vineyard we would not wish a good friend to recommend him for a position upon the staff of any up-to-date seminary or theological school. He seems to be lacking in historic sense or something of that sort, and his look into the heart of this old tragedy does not seem to be nearly as discerning as it ought to be. Of course, the effort to apply such a story to modern life and make it teach its high moral truth is worthy of all commendation, but such an effort must be convincing, if it is to be effective, and for some reason his effort is very far from convincing.

According to this modern prophet, zealous for righteousness, the Rev. Dr. Chown is the Ahab of our day in Canada. He, and of course those who stand with him as advocates of Church Union, are the hideous and heartless villain in the play. Naboth, robbed of his little patrimony and done to death after the most cowardly and iniquitous fashion, is represented by those poor and persecuted people known as anti-Unionists. It is not so stated directly, but the inference is that Saturday Night is the Elijah of the story, a stern prophet of righteousness, whose word, even against kings and other entrenched iniquities, has a way of fulfilling itself. It is even darkly hinted that there are dogs ready to lap up the blood of others than poor Naboth, and that the real tragedy is against those who today seem to have the upper hand in the not distant future.

Before the ordinarily sensible man sits down to write such utterance as that, ought he not to give a few minutes to the intelligent consideration of the subject he is about to deal with. If the editor of Saturday Night had gone back over the past twenty years of ecclesiastical history in Canada, even in the most superficial way, he never would have written that utterly insane item of his on "Saving Naboth's Vineyard." He knows, as every other reasonably well-informed person knows, that the effort after Church Union that has reached its climax today has had back of it all the way through a growing spirit of toleration, a growing breadth of vision and a growing purpose. That effort has gone on uninterruptedly for two decades, solely because the people in the three Churches during that period were losing their prejudices and narrowness and bigotry and were becoming more and more willing to make sacrifices in the interests of a better and broader and more useful and more-Christian Church. And every step in the progress that has been made has been taken regularly and constitutionally, the Churches acting in the only way they could act for the registration and carrying out of their spiritual purposes and ideals. And the registration of conviction in favor of union, as shown in the formation of local Union churches and the votes of the different Church bodies and courts, revealed such overwhelming majorities in favor of union that its consummation is surely among the most reasonable and righteous propositions. So that there is absolutely no point at all to the position taken by Saturday Night, save as every single fact in the situation is ignored.

And Saturday Night is no more happy where it refers to the relation of the legislature to this issue than when it is dealing with it in general terms. The editor declares against the idea that the legislature should merely be thought of as a rubber stamp for the Church Union Bill, but no advocate of Church Union ever thought of it in that capacity. The claim is that the legislature's stamp, put on with rubber or in any other way, has no place upon the decision and plans and policies of the Church. We have had an interesting bit of history in

Daughter of Baconian

It can be taken for granted, probably, that there never will come a time when it will be universally admitted that William Shakespeare was the author of his own plays. The reason is that the more one studies them the greater grows the wonder, verging on incredulity, that they could have been the work of one man who lived three hundred years ago. The idea that they were written by a man who had done no traveling and had little formal education, who had troubles with writing and spelling, who was a poet-er in his youth and a barn storming actor in later life has revolted many sensitive intelligences in the past and is likely to result as many more in the future. Many have chosen to believe that the Shakespeare plays were the work of Lord Bacon, one of the great scholars and philosophers of his time. They have overlooked the all important fact that since the author was manifestly a genius, social rank and scholarship do not account for him any more than social obscurity and lack of culture. It will always remain an astounding fact, no matter who may eventually be proved to be the author, that any man wrote "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Virgin Queen Aspersed

Among those who have propounded theories concerning the authorship of the plays was Dr. Orville Ward Owen, an American, who died long ago. He worked for many years to adduce proofs of his theory but died before his task was complete. Now his daughter, Mrs. Gladys Owen Stewart, of Detroit, a Shakespearean in her own right, announces that she will continue the elucidations of her father, and hopes to live long enough to prove that Bacon wrote not only the plays of Shakespeare, but also the works commonly ascribed to Marlowe, Spenser, Peele, Greene and Burton. Dr. Owen, we believe, was the first man to suggest that Bacon was not only Shakespeare but also the Elizabethan age of literature. This he tried to prove by means of strange ideas, among them that Francis Bacon and Lord Essex were both the sons of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester. Recently a German authoress published a book devoted to this interesting point, the burden of which is indicated by its title, "Francis Bacon, the Last of the Tudors."

The World Cipher

Dr. Owen became a prosperous medical doctor in Detroit, and was a follower of Shakespeare long before he was tempted to formulate theories as to the authorship of the plays. It is said of him that he had the entire mass of Shakespearean plays by heart, and that one could take a first folio edition and read a line to Dr. Owen, whereupon he would tell the play, the act, the scene, and even the location of the passage on the page. His vast Shakespearean knowledge was admitted even by those who did not fall in with the theories of authorship which he later developed. Many things indicated to him that the plays contained a cipher message from the author and that this author was Francis Bacon who, forced to disclaim authorship in his lifetime sought to inform posterity of his secret. After long cogitation he announced that he had discovered the "word cipher" that revealed the cryptic message. This "word

cipher," he said, in which certain recurring words are used as "guides" or "keys" to the "cipher story" is to be found running through the works of the authors already mentioned.

The Cipher Wheel

In order to avoid the labor of turning over the innumerable pages on which the cipher words appeared, Dr. Owen invented his noted "cipher wheel." It consisted of a pair of great cylinders or spools on which a band of canvas 1,000 feet long and 26 inches wide could be wound and unwound. Across the band were attached the pages of the works of the writers mentioned, the sheets lying four deep. Two copies of each work were used so that the pages could be exposed in order, the Shakespearean text used being that of the First Folio edition. Colored lines were drawn from guide-word to guide-word across these pages, and as the wheel turned and the spools wound and unwound the "cipher messages" were read from the pages. The ingenious arrangement was admired even by those who failed to grasp the significance of the cipher which the doctor believed he had discovered. He wrote several books on the subject, each serving the purpose of renewing the controversy, and now his daughter hopes to renew it once more.

The Chepstow Expeditions

Dr. Owen continued his medical practice, but all his spare time was devoted to his quest and to lecturing in various cities upon his theories. In 1911 he created unusual interest by announcing that he had discovered in Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" a new kind of cipher. He gathered from his cipher that the author bade the discoverer of his secret to search at the bottom of the River Wye, near its confluence with the Severn at Chepstow, for a cavern or hollow in the rock. In this cavern, Dr. Owen said, was to be found the key to the great secret. So he went to England hoping to discover the original manuscripts of the Shakespearean plays, as well as the works of all the other authors. In the course of his explorations he said that he came across many geographical peculiarities

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W. G. Y. TUESDAY, May 6 790 Kilocycles (380 Meters) WGY (Schneckaday, N. Y.) General Electric Company Eastern Standard Time 11:30 a. m.—Stock market report. 1:40 a. m.—Produce market report. 11:55 a. m.—U. S. Naval Observatory time signals. 1:00 p. m.—Music and household talk, "What a Woman Should Know About Plumbing," Mrs. Guy M. Jones, Schneckaday Woman's Club. 5:00 p. m.—Produce and stock market quotations; news bulletins; baseball results. 5:30 p. m.—Dinner music by the Instrumental Trio of Hotel Ten Eyck. 7:40 p. m.—Address, "Facts and Fallacies about Heredity," Dr. James W. Mayor, Union College, Schneckaday, N. Y. Selection, Overture "Mignonette"..... Bauman Musloff's Symphonion Orchestra Kurt Riedel, flute; Samuel McCollan, clarinet; Harry Musloff, cello; Albert Becker, symphonette; Karl Wicke, bandonion; Edward Musloff, violin and leader. Bass solo, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"..... Knight Elmer Wiese

Your Birthday May 6.—You are persevering, proud, and conscientious. You are ambitious to raise yourself to a higher position, both socially and intellectually. You have a slight tendency towards gloom, and, if driven far enough, you will become bitter. As a rule, you are kind and tender, and the surface of your love is smooth and untroubled. Cultivate cheerfulness, and live out of doors as much as possible. Your birth-stone is an emerald, which means success in love. Your flower is a lily. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

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